

## A Colossal Waste

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Summary: Nabiki spins a tale about the tragic goings-on... something about Nodoka and Genma's promise, and everything that happened because she held him to it.

## A Colossal Waste

(We are sitting on stones surrounding the pond in the Tendo dojo

>compound, watching the koi as they leap into the air and subside  
<br>back into the water. No one seems to be around; it is a peaceful

>scene. Something is obviously amiss.<br>

>(And a miss shows up presently, although we don't notice her at first; <br>we're still staring at the activity in the pond, and she has arrived

>on the patio, staring out at us. She sets three wooden boxes, each  
<br>about 25cm square, down on the patio with a 'clack'. The noise

>startles us, and we turn to face her. She speaks, grimly, but  
<br>with her ever-present sarcastic tones...)

><br>Nabiki: Come to pay your respects, have you?

><br>-----

>Ukyou Kuonji introduces<br>yet another Ranma 1/2 fanfiction

><br>A COLOSSAL WASTE

><br>Ranma 1/2 and all characters therein are the property of Rumiko

>Takahashi, and are being used without  
permission.<br>-----

><br>(Yes, it's Nabiki, the middle Tendo daughter, the financial  
wizard and

>poker player extraordinaire. And right now, that poker face is on...  
<br>whether there's a game in progress somewhere is another story.  
She

>notices our confused reaction to her earlier question.)<br>

>"You look like you're wondering what's going on, where everyone is.

<br>Guess you're the only ones from Nerima who haven't heard about

it.

>Then again..." (she peers at us more closely) "I can't say as I  
<br>recognize you guys. From out of town, are ya?"

><br>(What choice do we have but the truth? We nod.)

><br>"Figures. You haven't been to the Ucchan or the Neko-Hanten  
either,

>I take it."<br>

>(Nope. Sorry.)<br>

>"Well..." (Her eyebrow arches, as if trying to decide whether or  
<br>not to dispense the information everyone around here is  
apparently

>familiar with, and if so, how much to charge. Her gaze drops to the  
<br>three little wooden boxes as she continues to ponder. Finally...)

><br>"Well, if you stick around long enough, you're bound to find out

>sooner or later. But I'm probably the only one who could tell the  
<br>story without going to pieces about it. I personally can't find  
it

>in me to be so distraught... I just think of it as a colossal  
waste.<br>

>"Most of this has to do with Mrs. Saotome... seems strange not to  
<br>be calling her 'Auntie' anymore, but...

><br>"Anyway, Ranma finally got tired of hiding from her, and told  
her the

>truth. Turns out that, for once, his old man" (she moves one of the  
<br>boxes with her toe) "was right. His mom went ballistic. Ordered  
them

>to go through with the seppuku ceremony immediately.<br>

>"Turns out, either she was a good swordsman, or just that furious,  
but <br>when Mr. Saotome balked, she took his head off right then and  
there.

>One swing! Then she allowed (hunh!) Ranma to go through with the  
full <br>procedure As Honor Demands. Once she lopped off his head,  
she fell on

>her own sword.<br>

>"And that, you might think, was that. Three wasted lives, just like  
<br>that. Though in some respects, it's good riddance to bad rubbish.

>I don't know what Daddy was thinking when he engaged one of us to  
one <br>of the Saotomes... the Saotomes were nothing but poor trash  
back then,

>and still were once Ranma showed up a couple years back. His dad was  
<br>nothing but a freeloading bum, and his mom... well, let's just  
say she

>got really scary there at the end. I think she had gone kind of  
crazy, <br>to be honest. As for Ranma, well... he was really good at  
martial arts,

>and got tons better over time, but you had to wonder what kinda  
sensei <br>he would have been. I already \*knew\* he was no great  
shakes with money.

>And even if he'd been good, and the dojo would have done great  
business <br>again, the damage he and his... acquaintances have done  
to this place

>more than wash out any of the positives his presence might have  
brought.<br>

>"Of course, there were always the cheesecake photos..." <br>

>(She looks off into the distance, rather wistfully, Then she shakes  
<br>herself, and sits down on the stoop, next to the three boxes. She

>gestures toward them.) <br>

>"Anyway, that's what we've got here. Of course, it isn't the end of  
<br>the story, much as I'd like it to be. There were grief  
counsellors

>at school the next day or two, help people deal with what happened.  
<br>But nobody went to see them." (She puffs out her chest) "Hey --  
we're

>all big, tough martial artists, we can handle this ourselves. So now  
<br>the school wastes their money on this shrink nobody sees.

><br>"Kami knows, some folks could have used the help. Kodachi, in  
fact,

>poisoned herself the very next day. And about a week later, Tsubasa  
<br>showed up at the dojo, wibbering hysterically. Turns out, Ukyou  
and

>Konatsu had repeated the Saotome's performance, with Ukyou as Ranma  
<br>and Konatsu as Nodoka. I guess I can half-understand Ukyou, same  
as

>Kodachi... but Konatsu...? I feel sorry for Ukyou's landlord... he's  
<br>got a hell of a mess to clean up, and who's gonna rent a place  
where

>the last proprietor committed suicide?<br>

>"The Neko-Hanten's boarded up, and no one really wants to find out  
<br>what's happening or has happened there; but nobody's seen hide  
nor

>hair of Shampoo, Cologne... or Mousse, for that matter."<br>

>"So now we got six corpses that \*somebody's\* gotta deal with. We've  
<br>contacted the Kuonjis... and that wasn't easy, either. Kansai's a

>big place; three or four prefectures, three major cities. Took all  
<br>my contacts a couple days to track 'em down. They've said they'll

>take care of Ukyou and Konatsu. I think they thought the two of them  
<br>were lovers. Naturally, Kodachi's been buried somewhere on the  
Kuno

>estate. So that leaves us with the Saotomes. And I figured we'd  
<br>spent enough money and effort on them while they lived here, why

>waste that much more on them now? I had 'em cremated, and we're  
<br>gonna put 'em by those flowers by the side of the pond, between

>those two big rocks." (She indicates a spot)<br>

>"Daddy and Akane are total wrecks -- what, you didn't think she  
cared? <br>Come \*on\*. Just because she didn't slit her own throat or  
something

>like that doesn't mean she didn't love him. She's got more sense  
than <br>that. But she's really hurting. Kasumi's upset, too, but not  
so's

>you'd notice. Always the strong yet feminine one, after all. <br>

>"As for me? I'm just angry. And y'know, I don't even know who to  
<br>be madder at: Mr. Saotome, for making all those stupid promises  
he

>couldn't possibly keep, Mrs. Saotome, for \*holding\* him to the worst  
<br>promise of all, \*completely\* unconcerned about the wider  
consequences...

>or Daddy, for bringing Ranma and the heap of trouble and expense  
that <br>went with him down upon us.

><br>Here (she tosses a shovel to each of us), y'might as well get  
started.

>I'm gonna go take a bath... wash my hands and everything else of those <br>idiots. (her voice fades as she walks off to the bathroom) Honor... bah!

><br>(Solemnly, we begin digging. As the Kami leads us, we find ourselves

>wishing the spirits of the unfortunate Saotomes well in whatever the <br>afterlife may hold for them. A prayer for Ukyou and Konatsu, and even

>a pleasant wish for Kodachi... may peace attend them as it has not in <br>this world.

><br>(A careless followthrough with a shovel upsets one of the boxes. A

>terrific stench envelopes us, and we scramble to return the contents <br>to the box, and close the lid. We reach down...

><br>(..and find ourselves shovelling rotten sushi?)

><br>\*\*\*

><br>(Back inside, Nabiki passes the kitchen, from where Kasumi calls out

>to her.)<br>

>Kasumi: Nabiki, did you take care of those boxes of sushi from last <br>week's party?

><br>Nabiki: Yeah, I've composted them by the rock garden. So when \*are\*

>the others getting back from their training trip, anyway?<br>

>Kasumi: Father and Uncle Saotome said it would be three weeks that <br>they'd be gone.

><br>Nabiki: Fine. So we've got two weeks to get the fellow out to repair

>the refrigerator. They'd be pretty peeved to find out the thing was <br>broken and we didn't have any food for them once they got back.

><br>Kasumi: Yes, and we lost a lot as it was, I'm afraid. I already called,

>and they'll be sending someone out on Friday.<br>

>Nabiki: April 3, huh? Okay, so... two more days of dried food, or go <br>out to the market each day. Oh, well...

><br>=====

><br>Hiya, everyone!

><br>I hope no one got \*too\* bent outta shape by this little pre-April Fool's

>Day prank. This actually started as a serious worst-case, Shakespearean-<br>fifth-act, everybody-winds-up-mincemeat story, but the Grand Guginol that

>Nabiki was describing got both so horrific and yet so predictable that it <br>needed something to take the edge offa both. I did think I dropped a

>few hints... 'waste', 'trash', 'rubbish'...<br>

>I realize the switch between script and monologue format is a bit abrupt, <br>but it seemed a bit awkward to start every paragraph during her narrative

>with "Nabiki: ", since we all \*knew\* she was doing the talking. Lemme <br>know whatcha think: write me at

><br>ukyoukwnji@aol.com

><br>I'll even accept flames... hell, this is as close to an honest-to-Kami

>spamfic I've ever written; I probably deserve all the vitriol y'can <br>dish out. Please, no death threats, though... I kill myself in too

>many fanfics as it is, ne?<br>  
>Itsu mo,<br>Ucchan ^\_^  
><br>Oh, by the way...  
><br>Does anybody out there know much about animal husbandry?  
Specifically,  
>the breeding of pigs? I need help researching Akari for an upcoming  
<br>story... let me know if you can...  
><br>UK ^\_~  
><br>

End  
file.